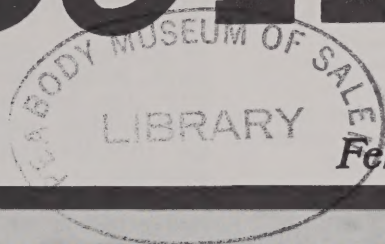




# **messing about in BOATS**

*Twice a Month!*

*Volume 5 ~ Number 18*



*February 1, 1988*







## messing about in BOATS

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## Our Next Issue...

Lessee now, we're getting caught up on cruising stories, but there's a couple left in hand; heading south on the Inland Waterway; doing Europe's canals; small scale outing on the Essex River; that sort of thing. And there'll be more design reviews, like Mel Willis' Grand Laker canoe; the budget priced Express daysailers from Florida; an antique cabin launch replica; to give you some idea. Book reviews on such as "Practical Yacht Joinery", "Chartering Fundamentals" and the just out "The Wood & Canvas Canoe" will be offered. Townie Tom continues to get deeper into "serious racing". Carter continues along the New England Coast to Casco Bay and Jewell Island...

## On the Cover...

February seemed like the time to resurrect memories of summer on the water, it's otherwise a pretty bleak month for messing about in boats, so here we have a couple relaxing on a sunny June Sunday in one of John Thompson's little mini-mum cruisers, which we hope to have details on for you before winter is over. And the centerspread, ah yes. George Claiborne's Dover Clipper Tube under oars, certainly evocative of summer on the water, remember your childhood inner tubing?

# Commentary

**BOB  
HICKS**

Here it is, February at hand, deepest winter, yet with longer days indicating that spring is surely coming. The level of urgency surrounding various boat projects that last summer and fall were put off until winter is implacably increasing around here. Ever the optimist, I always view winter as a time to get caught up. Like, when things ease up around here with the cold weather foreclosing most outdoor boating activities, I'll get into the shop and get at those projects.

The last outing on the water was paddling my little 10' backwater kayak I decided to build in late fall. It was at the end of November on a mild day. Then with the onset of real cold, well, now into the shop. First, though, there's the "getting ready for winter" routines. Storm windows on the house. New plastic on the various "temporary" boat shelters that have come to stay. Winter covers on those boats not in the sheds. Tuning up the old Jeep for another winter of plowing out three family yards and driveways. And on like that.

Now it's Thanksgiving, family gathering time. Maybe after that's over. Still, though, the wood stove in the office needs new stovepipe, and I've got to cut up a bunch of old pallets I acquired for fuel. They're piled up in the boatshop and in the way, anyway. With that done, I decide the shop ought to be tidied up before I can usefully work in it. Could use a few additions too, like a table up to the table saw to hold the larger bits of wood I will be feeding through it. And a router installation to make that device more useful. Then the drill press motor quit, worn out bushings. So that needed rebushing. While I'm at it, why not recondition the rest of the old \$25 Craftsman bought used 20 years ago?

Now it's Christmas and all else seems to get set aside, what with extended family both ways, parents on one hand, adult children and grandchild on the other. Maybe as soon as New Year's Day is past, a new start can be made.

Now we are here, it's early January as I write this, but February doesn't look THAT far away, the way things are going. Let's see, February, March, April, May. Four months left to get something done. Actually maybe 3-1/2, because by mid-May, outdoors beckons. All around the projects sit patiently.

But, meanwhile, the Townie I bought in November, while needing no major structural work, will be needing some attention. In winter I can refinish the spars, repair and refinish the seats, refinish the rudder, all these bits that fit indoors okay. The hull cleanup and painting can wait outside until April. I'd really like to use this boat this year.

There's the mini-kayak I mentioned, I designed and built it in a rush of concentration in October after trying out various available such boats suitable for carrying in to more inaccessible ponds and marshes. It worked out really well, I'll tell you more about it soon. But now I want to take patterns off the final prototype and build another for Jane, as she liked the boat too.

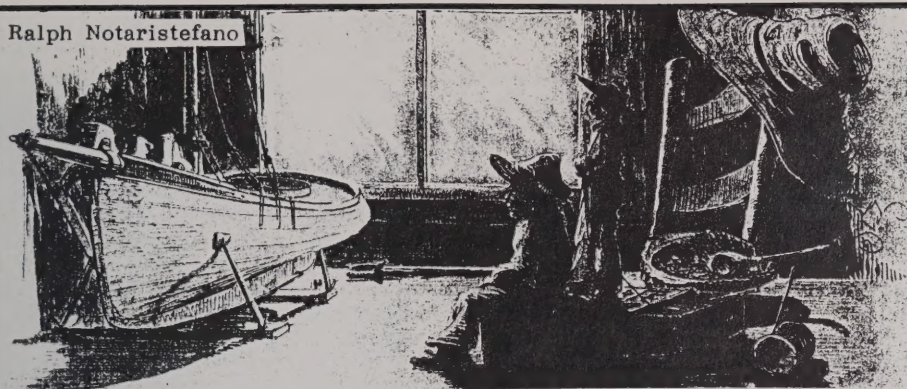
In one of the plastic sheds sits the Old Town Rangely I bought last fall. It needs an interior cleanout, and recanvassing and refinishing. It gets quite warm in that shed on sunny days and I mean to go out there on such days and get at it.

The other projects you may have noticed are for sale in the classifieds. After all, how much can one do? The Chris Craft rests easily in one of the sheds. The White runabout is on its trailer under a blue poly tarp awaiting only a buyer. The Bahama sloop sits on its cradle under a ridgepole tarp allowing easy access, but I'd rather not get into it right now, reminds me of how much I'd like to dig in and get it shaped up. The 30 foot rowing bateau is upside down on horses, awaiting a rowing team's need. The Alden O boat that's half refastened is under its own tarp.

And now the phone again and a nice lady who says someone who preferred to remain anonymous suggested she call me about this Crocker Stonehorse in her yard. It needs work but it's all there and her son can no longer entertain notions of doing the work with new family and business responsibilities. So, would I be interested in it, at a very reasonable price? Oh, swell! Of course I'm interested, almost enthralled. I mean, Sturgis Crocker is five miles away, here's a boat I've always admired. And it isn't really bad either, yes I looked it over.

But, spring is only four months away. I'll let you know how this one worked out. So little time...





## Shrinking "Big Boat-itis" Down to Size

The office telephone rang late one night. On the other end was a distraught young man who needed an appointment as soon as possible. As he rambled I began to understand his problem. He found himself in the all too common and rather uncomfortable position of owning more boat than he could realistically handle or could even afford.

He called because he was experiencing a crisis. An appointment was made for first thing next morning.

A well dressed and obviously successful young man arrived on time for his session. "Doc, you've got to help me," came the plea. "I'm in an awful fix!"

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked in a reassuring voice (my patients always like that sort of approach).

"My wife is furious at me and my kids haven't talked to me in weeks. Even the dog walks away when I come into the room!"

"Hum, that is serious," I said. "When did this all begin?" (This familiar question is part of my stock in trade).

"Oh, I don't know," came the nervous response, followed by a long sigh. "Maybe about a month ago. Things haven't been the same since. You've got to help me, Doc," he implored. "I'm desperate."

And indeed he was. As his story unfolded, the source of the difficulty became increasingly clear.

"I bought this 30' boat last season. It's a real beauty. You've got to see her. She sails like a dream. I just can't wait to use her on the weekends. I think about it all week. Yet, when Saturday rolls around, the lads love their ball games and my wife wants to do the marketing. For the past three weekends it's rained and I haven't even been away from the mooring. To make matters worse, the launch service called to cancel the contract because the check bounced. It wasn't my fault. Really. I had to make payments on the boat FIRST. I was late last month, and...well, you know how it is. That's when my wife got mad. She said there

wasn't enough money in the bank to pay the mortgage or buy the kids sneakers. I tried to explain how important the boat was. That's when the dog walked out of the room. What am I going to do, Doc? My wife's even put it up to me, it's either her or the boat! What a hell of a choice!"

Certainly I was not unfamiliar with his plight. In fact, he was suffering from the delusion commonly referred to as "Big Boatitis". The symptoms are easily recognizable.

1. A large sail or powerboat purchased on time which monthly payments equal or exceed the mortgage.

2. Boat slip or launch service fees, yard storage costs, launching and repair fees, insurance premiums, the list is endless. The combined total of the expenses would more than pay a year's tuition at an Ivy League college.

3. Although the financial factors are obvious, the disruption to his family is the major factor which forced him to seek treatment. He had been compelled to use the boat whenever he could, regardless of the social effects because it's costing him so damn much to maintain.

"Big Boatitis" is curable. However, the treatment is not without its risks. It's time for a little insight into the problem.

"Why did you purchase so large a boat in the first place?" I ask.

"I don't know," came the puzzled answer. "Everyone else has one. The fiberglass was so shiny. After all, I live near the water and I always wanted a big boat. Even when I was a kid. I saw her in the yard and the salesman made me a sweet deal. So I grabbed her up. The interest on the note was only 15%. I thought the family might like to sail." He paused for a moment. "Why do you ask?"

"You are obviously unhappy with the present situation. If you want to go boating, why not buy, or even build, something you can afford? You won't feel the pressure to use your boat all the time because you won't feel you have to

get your money's worth all the time. As for the family, you won't have to compete with their needs over limited resources, either in time or money." The look on his face was sobering. It had never occurred to him he could own his own boat without bank payments, or use it when the spirit moved him, not just because it was the weekend. "What are you thinking?" I asked.

"Well, I always wanted a rowboat or a canoe. When I was a kid, I used to canoe at camp. My grandfather had an old dory and we used to row and sail around the harbor in it. You know, those WERE great times. I'll never forget them."

The next statement would be critical to his well being. "So, why not unburden yourself and sell your boat, then buy yourself a canoe or rowboat, or both?"

"That's crazy," came the reply (I'm used to that remark, I hear it all the time, the pot calling the kettle black). "I'm a grown man. Nobody does that sort of thing anymore. That's kid stuff.. I'd be the laughing stock of the office."

I do," came my very surgical response.

"You do what?"

"I canoe and row whenever I can. Sometimes I sail my rowboat over to Connecticut."

"That's ridiculous," came the interruption. His defenses were up again. I had moved in too quickly. "Little boats are flimsy. And besides, where would you keep them?"

"...and I wouldn't have it any other way," I continued. "For the price of your slip fee you could buy a very nice 16 or 17 foot canoe which you always wanted. For the cost of your yard bill you could also own a classic Whitehall rowing boat." I was preaching and I knew it. But he WAS listening now. "My boats aren't flimsy, they're well constructed."

"What will my friends think of me?" he asked.

"Perhaps they are feeling just as trapped as you are. And perhaps they don't even realize it as you do."

"How many do you have?"

"Four, two canoes and two rowboats."

"And you get to use them all?"

"Yes! Whenever the spirit moves me."

Well, I'm happy to report that the treatment was a success. I received a check in the mail a few weeks later and it didn't bounce. In fact, he eventually sold his boat and bought himself a canoe. Several of his friends at the office have called for appointments as well. I have gotten the cold shoulder from the owner of the ship's store across from the boatyard when I tried to purchase a quart of varnish. I guess that's the price of success.



## SHIP MODEL SHOW

The U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild of New England will host its 9th Annual Guild Show February 8th through March 4th at the U.S.S. Constitution Museum in Charlestown, MA. Show is open to the public at regular Museum admission fees and hours during the four week run. Information from Eduardo Arini, (617) 776-8359.

## MODEL SHIP BUILDING

Jack Farrell of Ocean World Educational Workshops currently directs eight week model shipbuilding courses at Newburyport's (MA) Custom House Museum. Jack's been teaching model building for five years at various school and museum locations around the Massachusetts north shore. The Custom House course is an eight week one. Beginner level students start with a plank-on-frame model of a Grand Banks Dory from plans donated by Lowell's Boat Shop of nearby Amesbury, MA. Advanced groups go on to build a model of a lobster boat chosen by them at a nearby marina, measuring it and drawing it up. To date a Beal Island lobster boat, a Novi lobster boat, a Tuna boat, a catboat, and presently a John Gilbert designed, Harvey Gamage built offshore lobster boat have been chosen and built in scale. Interested persons are invited to look into the next eight week class by calling (617) 462-8681.

## WHERE TO PARK THE WHEELS

Stan Dziemja of S. Walpole, MA, has undertaken to do some trailer cruising with his Great Pelican and he says he's at a loss of how to find suitable places to park truck and trailer while off on an extended cruise starting elsewhere than in his own area. Last summer Stan motor cruised the Erie Canal in his boat, but had his daughter drive him over to the Hudson for launch and later return to retrieve him. Has anyone out there any experience in leaving wheels alone in a strange place for an extended period of time? What solution to this need did you come up with? Stan Dziemja lives at 209 Summer St. in S. Walpole, MA 02071.



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# HAPPENINGS

## MYSTIC YACHTING SYMPOSIUM

Mystic Seaport Museum will host a two-day "Yachting History Symposium" on February 27th and 28th, bringing together leading authorities in this field to share their insights into America's yachting past. This initial symposium will feature "Yachting in the Gilded Age, 1870-1914". Author and historian John Rousmaniere will present an overview and introduce other speakers. Included will be Halsey Herreshoff on Herreshoff Mfg. Co.; Joseph Garland on Boston and Marblehead yachting; John Wilmerding on Winslow Homer's art; Ian Dear on British yachting of that era. A panel discussion will be chaired by Jon Wilson of WOODEN BOAT magazine.

A Friday evening reception will be held in the Schaefer Building with its "Gold Cup Racing in the 1920's" exhibit, and another on Saturday evening in the Mallory Building at which Maynard Bray will discuss preservation of classic yachts, showing slides by Benjamin Mendelowitz. Sunday there will be an open house and tour of the yachting collections at the Seaport.

All in cost is \$75 per person, including luncheon and receptions (\$50 for Museum members). Information and registration from Curatorial Dept., Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (203) 572-0711, ext. 313.

## MYSTIC BOATING EVENTS FOR 1988

Mystic Seaport Museum will host five major events during 1988 involving messing about in boats.

FEBRUARY 26-27: Symposium on Yachting History.

JUNE 4-5: Small Craft Workshop.

JULY 23: Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous.

OCTOBER 1: Invitational Schooner Race.

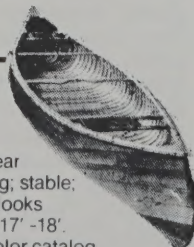
OCTOBER 22: Dyer Dhow Derby.

Details can be learned as they become available from the Publicity Office, Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355, (203) 572-0711.

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Water Street, Worcester, MA 01604.



## MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER SCHEDULE

The Maine Maritime Museum has now released its 1988 winter calendar of lectures supplementing already announced workshops. The lectures listed are held in the lecture room of Morse High School, 826 High St. in Bath from 7-9:30 p.m. with a non-member fee of \$2 charged. The remaining workshops will take place at the Apprenticeship at the Percy & Small Shipyard facility at 279 Washington St. in Bath at hours noted for each, at fees also individually noted. Here is the calendar:

FEBRUARY 3: Lecture, "Recovery of the Clipper Ship SNOW SQUALL" by Nick Dean. Recovery of portions of a Maine built clipper ship from the Falkland Islands.

FEBRUARY 6: Workshop, "Re-cannvassing Wooden Canoes" by Rollin Thurlow, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

FEBRUARY 17: Lecture, "The French at Pentagoet" by Alaric Faulkner, archeological research at Castine.

## ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHIP WINTER LECTURE SERIES

"Join us Wednesday evenings at 7:30" states the announcement of this winter series of lectures at Lance Lee's Rockport Apprenticeship in Rockport, ME. No charge, but it's a bit of a trip for an evening program. Still, maybe you'll find something irresistible herein:

FEBRUARY 3: "Examining the Older Wooden Boat by Sam Slaymaker.

FEBRUARY 10: "The Outlook for Wooden Boats" by Jon Wilson.

FEBRUARY 17: "Small Boat Cruising Among the Maine Islands" by Dave Getchell.

FEBRUARY 24: "Building a Replica of Herreshoff's ALERION" by John Burgess.

## ACA RELOCATES

In the event you might wish to contact the American Canoe Association, be informed that they have relocated their national headquarters from Lorton, VA, to P.O. Box 1190, Newington, VA 22122-1190. Along with this news comes the announcement that they have published a new instruction manual, "Canoeing & Kayaking Instruction Manual". This is a comprehensive guide for every paddler interested in learning correct paddling skills and also teaching methods for local clinics. The manual is priced at \$15.95, with various discounts for ACA members, and group orders for instruction. Add \$1.50 for postage etc. Fastest service comes by calling Kathy Schmiesing at (703) 550-7495, or you can order via mail from ACA Bookservice, P.O. Box 1190, Newington, VA 22122-1190.





### POLITICS AT THE POND

Walter Sargent is our down Maine poet/farmer/boatbuilder/sailor friend who lives near Gulf Island Pond outside of greater downtown Lewiston and has a near-monopoly on sailing on the ten mile long pond formed by a dam that closed off the Androscoggin River just above Lewiston. When the water's in the pond anyway.

We've reported before on Walt-

er's ANDRO ZEE farm built sailing scow and his quite exclusive sailing area. Not much boating of any sort goes on there, as for years the pollution in the river made it most unattractive. In recent years the cleanup has worked and it's not half bad now for boating (a tad intimidating for swimming as yet in the tobacco colored water). And people hadn't caught on to this much up until now.

Last October Walter's finest fall sailing season came to an abrupt end when Gulf Island Pond dropped nine feet so workmen could do maintenance work on the dam. ANDRO ZEE sat on the mud for two weeks. It happened twice during the summer too, Walter reports, an unprecedented circumstance. And now the public has been informed of Gulf Island Pond's existence.

It seems the power company, as part of a re-licensing routine, has to provide some recreational access to the pond, which exists to drive their generators at the dam. So public hearings had to be held. And now a public ramp is coming. Folks who live along the shore and share Walter's aslmost secret sailing domain as a pleasant, little-used pond, are upset at prospects of an invasion of outsiders with high-powered outboards. Not surprising. Make it easy enough and they'll come. They organized

and adopted an adversary position opposite the power company.

They drew up an eleven part list of things they thought the power company ought to do to protect "their" pond. The essence of the list was that Central Maine Power should just about do everything that can be envisioned to make Gulf Island Pond the perfectly managed recreation area that will not disturb the shoreline residents (not that many, it's not a pond of "camps" but of rather the homes and farms originally on the hill-sides lining the river valley when it was flooded by the dam). A final killer requirement is that they, the Gulf Island Association, have review and comment oversight on CMP studies and planning for the pond.

All Walter wants to do in his retirement years is sail some and he's happy enough that the water is not yet fit for swimming and the fish aren't good for eating. He says most of the locals feel the same, but now the cutting edge of the environmental movement is at work on CMP, talking about further cleanups, aerating, things like that. Costly ideas, but, after all, the power company... Walter says he might sell ANDRO ZEE and maybe build a houseboat. Good to think on while he's splitting the eight cords of wood beside the barn this winter.

### THE HOBBY'S GOTTEN OUT OF HAND

Ed Rogers retired a few years ago from the phone company and decided to open up a little boat shop selling the small boats he is attracted to. He called it "The Small Boat Shop". Now, five years later, there are five of them "hobbying" in the Small Boat Shop. Ed has been joined by Malcolm Watson, Bud Reynolds, Jack Quigley and Gaeton Andretta. They are now open seven days a week pursuing this hobby, but for your convenience. One man just couldn't do it, but five...

Ed thought it'd be nice to sell Alden Shells when he began, he liked rowing his. Now 400 shells later, they still love 'em. So do a whole lot of people around Norwalk, Connecticut. Then it was small sailboats, and it's the Nimble brand from Florida. Ed had a Nimble 20. Now there's a Nimble 24 Tropical and a Nimble 24 Arctic and a Nimble 30 coming soon. To canoe, Mike Galt's exotic Lotus freestyle canoes are on the scene. Kayaking anyone? The Aquaterra Chinook. Backwater paddling? How about the Dirigo Dipper? And an English Punt. And the Schoenbrod Shell. And ComPac mini yachts. And dinghies, Dyer, Nordic, Ensign, Yankee.

You get the picture? Ed says, "We sincerely hope we'll not fall in love with any more new boats.

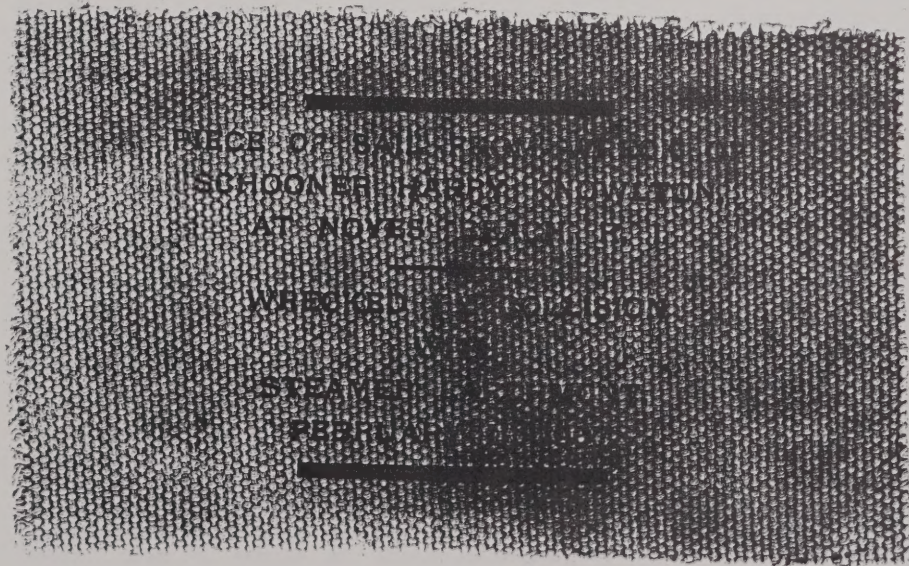
Enough is enough!" There's still room in the store for some comfortable chairs around the boating magazine pile and VCR showing rowing and paddling videos. Sounds

like a great place to check out messing about in small boats. The Small Boat Shop is at 144 Water St. in South Norwalk, CT 06854, (203) 854-5223. Its-at Rex Marine Center.

### A PIECE OF SAIL

Along with some correspondence, one reader included this little scrap of canvas upon which is printed (the copy is not quite all legible), "Piece of sail from wreck

of schooner HARRY KNOWLTON at Noyes Beach, R.I. Wrecked by collision with steamer LARCHMONT, February 11, 1907." A unique memento indeed.





# Flotilla Cruising the Greek Islands



The islands in Greece's Ionian Sea amongst which Mel flotilla cruised. This Greek highway map has the Greek names, not Mel's anglicized versions, but a few are recognizable.

Foreign cruising in my 20 foot sloop, based 35 miles up the Hudson River from New York harbor, just isn't practical. By the time I arrived at the desired sailing area my vacation time would be up. So, like thousands of others, I have always chartered a bareboat for my foreign "adventures".

Then I discovered another way, "flotilla sailing". The concept is similar insofar as you charter a boat and you and your crew sail it. From that point on there are major variations. You go out with a fleet or flotilla of ten to twelve identical boats. The lead boat has a professional skipper; a bosun armed with spare parts for motor, rigging, head, etc. whose function is to repair any sort of malfunction; and a hostess who provides information on restaurants, sights to see, post office and banking facilities, etc.

After the first skippers' meeting, you leave in a group for your initial destination, playing follow-the-leader. Then, using your own set of detailed charts, you have two or three days of independent sailing, going wherever your whim or the wind dictates. You then meet the rest of the fleet at a pre-arranged time and place and repeat the process. You sail to the next major area as a group, and again have several independent sailing days.

Initially I had misgivings. Would I feel restricted by the group movements? Would I feel hemmed in by a mob of people when I wanted some of the pleasant isolation that a sailing vacation provides? The answer to both questions was a resounding "No."

After the first fleet departure, subsequent flotilla sails are loose. You can stay with the group if you wish, or if you feel less capable on your own; or you can sail on ahead, behind, or wherever you feel like, as long as you are at the agreed upon destination by five or six o'clock. In nearly every instance, there's more than enough time to do your own thing and still arrive on schedule.

As far as lack of privacy, that's up to you. In a few instances all boats in the flotilla are asked to be in the same port at the same time. Usually on these occasions, dinner for all flotilla members is booked in a restaurant. It's a real party time. Once during the trip, a barbeque for the entire fleet is scheduled, with the lead boat doing all the preparation and cooking, super party time! I found that the people in the flotilla contributed strongly to the overall enjoyment of the cruise. And when I



felt like it I could still get off on my own.

Another major advantage I found was low cost. It was about 40% of the normal bareboating cost.

My first flotilla cruise was in Greece, sailing the Ionian islands. I booked with the Yacht Cruising Association, whose home base is England. These are the people who pioneered the idea of flotilla cruising. Showing admirable courage, if not judgement, I recruited as crew two good friends, David and Moises. They're cousins and both originally hailed from Argentina. I had been teaching David to sail while he attempted to teach me how to fly a small plane. Moises' only sailing experience had been a day sail on my sloop a week before we left.

On a Saturday evening we boarded a charter flight to London. We planned a few extra days to see London and, through information provided by the YCA, booked into a small and conveniently located bed and breakfast hotel. The daily cost, including a great breakfast, was about \$11.60. After several days of sight-seeing we took a 50 minute train ride to Gatwick Airport and met the YCA representative. They took care of everything after that (airfare from London to your sailing destination and back to London is included. A few hours later we landed in picturesque Corfu. A YCA rep met the whole group (we were all booked on this flight), expedited us through customs and guided us to a chartered bus for a twenty minute ride to the ferry KAMELIA.

The ferry ride was three hours to Paxos through a tumultuous thunder storm. Real heavy going. Despite the storm, practically the entire town was turned out on the quay to see the excitement of the weekly arrival of the ferry. We were to find out that one of the advantages of visiting these smaller islands, only accessible by small boat, was the friendliness of the people. They had not been over-run by millions of tourists, so they were both interested in us and glad to see us.

Ken, our YCS skipper, led us to MINSTREL, our 28' sloop home for the next two weeks, and we turned in soggy and pooped. We awoke next morning to a heavy downpour. We later learned that it had been 70 years since they last had rains such as we were experiencing. We sat in a taverna having coffee and rolls for breakfast. Outside was a square with about eighty tables and chairs. All the islands are mountainous, with as much area vertically as horizontally. Suddenly, WHAM! The dam above the village had burst, and down came an LP tank, truck tires, empty oil barrels, a ladder and various bushes. Soon we were in foot-deep water. We spent the next half hour helping the taverna own-

ers stack their chairs and tables before they floated off to sea.

We went to the hardware store, which doubled as the bank, and changed some travelers checks into local currency. Our departure was postponed. As far away as the English Channel it was said to be blowing a force 8 gale.

As the rain eased we walked around the colorful village, up the road which had flooded, and then receded, and inspected the canal which had overflowed. All around were olive trees.

We went to dinner at a restaurant called Makos Makos and met a nice English couple from the flotilla. Later we had coffee at the Gaious Taverna where most of the flotilla members were enjoying coffee, ouzo, or soft drinks. Then it was back to MINSTREL for some shuteye.

Next morning we bought food supplies from a very helpful and sweet young lady in the local food store. Between the glossary of Greek words supplied by the YCA and the English spoken by the locals, we made out just fine. Around noon Ken held a skippers' briefing and at 1:15 p.m., hallelujah, we shoved off. A light breeze gradually increased as we sailed down the east coast of Mongonissi and halfway to Anti-Paxos. We came about and headed directly for Mongonissi. The limestone cliffs were spectacular, looking much like a regiment of frozen soldiers. We sailed nearly all the way in, then furlled the jib and started the diesel. We dropped the kedge, eased into the dock and tied up. Within minutes of furling the main, we were in our bathing suits enjoying a swim.

For a while we joined the crew from another boat, sharing a beer on the patio of a taverna. I took a walk to the end of the island, ever present olive trees all around, escorted by a very friendly siamese cat. A bay cut into the tip of Mongonissi and the opposite shore had beautiful limestone "steps" climbing to the top. The channel narrowed here and you could see Anti-Paxos.

That evening all 42 members of the flotilla met for dinner. Ouzo, Greek music and much laughter until 10:30 p.m. when it started to rain. We all scrambled back to our boats to close the hatches.

Next morning we headed off in a nine knot breeze for Parga, about 11 miles away. The approach is between a church on an islet and an old Venetian castle, high on a headland, into a large sheltered harbor with a long curving beach.

By now we had become very friendly with the crew on MISCHIEF, Eddie, Brian, Bob and Mike. We walked along the quay, around the beach (passing several topless ladies whom we did not notice), over a couple of shallow

streams, and started up a long dirt path to the castle. Fabulous view from the top. Then we walked down a long winding road comprised of wide steps into the town of Parga. We had coffee and delicious bread and cookies as we looked out over the bay. Later we had an excellent dinner of kabob, mokes, wine, baklava and coffee, about \$5. We hadn't expected to stay until dark, so we hadn't brought flashlights with us, making the walk back to the boats an adventurous one.

Next morning, rather than hike back to town, we took the "ferry", a small workboat, for 30 drachmas (about 45 cents). We shopped, looked around and then headed for the beach. A nice lazy day.

After a skipper's meeting, we were out of the harbor by 7:30 a.m. Two military jets zoomed by about 80 feet over the water, one forward and one astern. We learned that we were near a Greek Airforce base. Porpoises started to criss-cross our bow, grinning all the way. Without the chart we'd never have known there was a channel ahead. It looked as if we were headed for land. Then a dog-leg to starboard with a citadel off to port, and we were in a 50 yard wide channel. It was dredged to a 17 foot depth in 1946. On either side of the dredged channel there was just one foot of water. We passed an old fort high off to port with a rusting beached freighter just below it, then the lovely town of Levkas, and on into the Ionian sea.

We anchored in the harbor of Nydri and got into the rubber dinghy (Moises calling it the "dingy") to head for the YCA clubhouse and hot showers.

Next morning we refuelled, filled up the water tanks and got new LP refills. We headed north past Moodra, around Sparti, then south past Aeropodi and Skorpio. All these islands were the property of the Onassis family. We sailed on to Meganisi and into Port Spiglia. The water was clear and 30 feet deep right up to within a few feet of shore. The village of Spartahori is high up on the hill. We hiked up the long steep switchbacks to a village 150 years back in time. Narrow winding inclined streets, just like in the movies. How come I'm not Paul Newman? Even worse, too bad David isn't Sophia Loren. The view out over the sea and the islands was a Kodak dream.

We went into a small restaurant called "Billy the Chicken" for some settling ouzo. I had to make a phone call to New York, so Billy had a young boy guide me up hill to a house with a large stone courtyard. The overhanging roof was supported by gigantic posts. The crescent shaped inner hall was covered in parquetry stone and again had massive wooden posts and



beams. Then I went into a small room covered with wires, where there was a small table with a phone and a timer on it, and direct dialed New York City. Smooth as silk.

We sailed on to Port Vathy where we met some of the other flotilla members, and then hiked up to the lovely, definitely non-tourist, village of Katomeri. There we learned that the women wearing all black had lost an immediate family member, while those wearing brown had not. On the winding road there are numerous small shrines with ouzo bottles filled with olive oil to fuel the small flames. Many of these shrines locate where the departed departed, and the ouzo bottles frequently are the originals causing the departure.

A great aroma filled our nostrils as we passed the bakery. The baker's wife came from Houston, Texas. After four years in Katomeri, she told us, she was still the "outsider". We hoisted sail, poked in and out of Port Atheni in light winds and then sailed over to Ablelike Bay in great 16-18 mph winds. Flying fish entertained us on the way. Then we returned to Port Spiglia where we were invited for drinks on board MISCHIEF. Later both our crews went to "Billy the Chicken's" to meet the rest of the flotilla for dinner. Boisterous, gay and lots of Metaxa, ouzo and beer. The old men in the taverna and Billy did some Greek dancing for us.

Next morning we awoke to crowing roosters and braying donkeys. We sailed toward the east side of Arkudi, tacked back and forth in the Meganisi Channel and entered Port Vathy, Ithaca. Mountains were all around with many caves at water level. The town had been rebuilt after an earthquake.

We continued on to Kioni Bay and in 22 mph winds, flew onward to Fiskardo. That evening we met another of the flotilla crews and had dinner together. Later we invited them back to MINSTREL for coffee and baklava.

Next morning it was blowing about 15 knots and we sailed on a broad reach to Vasilico Bay. We didn't have to touch the sails once. After walking around the lovely little village, we took a bus (15 drachmas) to the town of San Petros up in the mountains. One long steep street. We stopped for coffee at a taverna and met the local police chief, George. He had never been outside of Greece, but spoke almost accentless English. Then Stavros, 81 years of age, came along, high as a kite on ouzo. We had a long, laughing conversation, Stavros in Greek, me in English. Eventually, George functioned as translator. Stavros decided that we should go together looking for girls that evening, but insisted that he needed eight. He probably did.

We awoke to church bells the next morning. We were surrounded by olive trees, great smelling eu-

caliptus, stately cypress and pine, with occasional patches of blooming cactus. We sailed over to the caves in the southern part of Meganisi. We dropped the jib and started the engine to hold us off a cave about 40 feet high and 70 feet wide. Moises and I rowed in the dinghy while David held MINSTREL off with the engine. Inside, the cave was dome shaped, about 50 feet high, with stalagmites, "doorways" and windows and a postage stamp size beach. We returned so David could row in. We continued cave hopping down Meganisi and then sailed off on a long screaming tack to Sivota Bay.

Deciding on hot showers, we made our way back to Nydri. We awoke next morning to the demanding honking of a flotilla of ducks. Last night, five of them had escorted us ashore in the dinghy. The sunrise over Skorpio was breathtaking.

We were scheduled to have the flotilla race that day, strictly a fun race. We were first over the line, and then the winds fell lighter and lighter and settled dead ahead of us, and we finished fourth. We sailed later into our last port, Levkas Town. Quite a large town. We had a flotilla dinner at which we were awarded a cup for having the cleanest boat in the flotilla.

Next morning we cleaned the boat, boarded the bus with the rest of the flotilla for a three hour ride through mountains, past Roman ruins and breathtaking views. Then the ferry back to Corfu, the airport, and a smooth flight back to Gatwick. We had a grand time. Good sailing, beautiful and exotic places to see, a lot of laughs, and made some good friends. A really enjoyable way to cruise.

For more details on flotilla cruising, write to Yacht Cruising Association, Old Stone House, Judges Terrace, East Grinstead, Sussex RH19 1AQ, England. They now offer several cruising areas in four countries; Greece., Spain, Turkey and Yugoslavia. Their season runs May through October.

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## PROJECT OCEANOLOGY

Jim Lacey

"Listen up!" Doug Moffat shouted from the pitching stern of ENVIRO-LAB II, the 55' research vessel plowing her way up the Thames. He was trying to hold the attention of a dozen or so eleventh graders from Windham High School gathered around the specimen tubs. His talk on various characteristics of the kelp, sea lettuce, and Irish moss that had just been hauled aboard was not commanding the complete attention of the fidgety teenagers. They were playing with a foot-long gray skate and the assortment of crabs in the tubs, chatting and giggling. They did not seem impressed with the fact that green algae is edible or that Irish moss is harvested to provide an emulsifier for ice cream. They were having a marvelous time, however, and so was Doug, a graduate student in marine biology at the University of Connecticut and an instructor for Project O.

Project Oceanology is a center for marine education operating out of Avery Point, Connecticut. Sponsored by a consortium of schools in eastern Connecticut, Project O provides year-round on-the-water learning experiences for students ranging from kids in kindergarten to researchers working on graduate degrees. Its research vessels, oceanographic equipment, water-front laboratory, instructional materials, and staff serve upwards of 10,000 students every year. One of their most popular programs, suitable for groups of thirty or so kids in grades seven to twelve is a two and a half hour working tour of the waters off New London harbor, a basic introduction to marine science and ecology. It was at the beginning of one of these tours, Project O runs three a day, that Doug Moffat was good naturedly roaring over the rhythmic hum of a Detroit diesel to focus the attention of teenagers on the sex life of seaweed. "Listen up!" he bellowed again in the ten knot blow, and for the time being, they were all ears.

Up in the pilot house, Thaxter Tewksbury, a red-bearded instructor and captain in his late twenties, was giving a group of seniors a brief introduction to piloting. Soft-spoken and patient, he allowed them to get their fill of the radar before moving to the chart table, knowing from experience the attraction kids have to anything electronic.

Below, the crew of kids huddled in the stern showed considerably more interest when Doug and Joe Hage, their obviously popular bio teacher, began to talk about the creatures crawling or swimming in the tubs. When Doug announced it was time to break out the gear for the otter trawl, the kids couldn't help allowing curiosity and enthusiasm to show through their cool. The whole crew helped pay out the net while Thaxter's pilots ran a yellow plastic basket up the after staff, signalling all ships to stay clear. ENVIRO-LAB II chugged along at trolling speed for a while and then dropped a hook abeam of Burr's Marina. After about twenty minutes, all hands hauled in the net and tallied the catch, which included a half-dozen lobsters, one of them almost two pounds, a variety of flats, and the inevitable sea robins and starfish. This was clearly the high point of the trip. Even the squeemish and giggly examined, with wet hands as they had been instructed, the new batch of creatures from the deep.

With slippery specimens just taken, Doug illustrated the differences between fluke and flounder. Then Joe answered questions about lobsters, while "hypnotizing" the two-pounder and passing around a small female that had recently molted. The questions were not only the obvious ones about the claws or the roe found when they are eaten, but included inquiries about their diet, range and breeding habits. Having sufficiently demonstrated their suspicion of all things related to school, the kids were willing to talk marine biology and even use the proper terms.

In the pilot house three of the seniors were working at the chart table as the fourth aimed a hand-held compass at a smokestack along the Groton shoreline off the starboard quarter. Using parallel rulers, the students were plotting the position on a chart. As soon as they got a fix by triangulation, they converted the chart position into longitude and latitude. Next they did some work estimating distances to Fishers Island and the I-95 bridge and checked them out on the chart. Finally, they did some work with tide tables and applied the Beaufort Scale to the current conditions. "Good job, Chief," Thaxter said to Cindy, the student who had taken charge of the chart.

"Can you set us a course for home?" he asked.

As we came about and headed for Pine Island channel at what seemed flank speed, the sun broke through the overcast sky for the first time and added to the general feeling of good cheer. With only one task remaining, the easy one of towing the plankton net just below the surface to get specimens for lab work at school, everyone relaxed and dropped their roles of students and teachers, and acted more like a very big family with lots of friends having fun on a pretty neat boat.

The spontaneous conversations on the trip back to Avery Point were more interesting to the kids than the obligatory lecture had been. As ENVIRO-LAB II skirted New London Ledge Light, which looks like a Victorian townhouse sitting on the water, the kids were full of questions. Joe described visits he had made to the lighthouse on previous field trips and informed the group that it was no longer manned, except by an amiable ghost named Edgar. This led to a discussion of lights, buoyage, wrecks and S&R operations, ferries, lobstering, aspects of research being conducted by Project O. Both Joe and Doug, it turned out, had done a considerable amount of diving in the vicinity. Doug, to the astonishment of everyone, described measuring the growth of kelp in an "almost-dry suit" in mid-January when the temperature of the water had sunk to 28 degrees Fahrenheit.

While Thaxter maneuvered the vessel into her slip, the kids were told that safety regulations required them to be seated in the cabin until she was tied up at the dock. Joe took this occasion to tell them with mock regret that it would be too late for eighth-mod classes by the time the bus got back to Willimantic, so they might as well stop at the Franklin Creamery. This announcement was, of course, greeted with cheerful derision, hoots and howls. The high spirits the kids radiated as they stepped onto the dock suggested that long after the details of marine biology were forgotten, they would feel themselves part of New England's maritime tradition and retain an insight into our offshore world and its creatures, craft and lore.





Top of the opposite page: Panorama of Avery Point. From left can be seen University of Connecticut buildings, abandoned lighthouse, Project O headquarters and Shennecossett Yacht Club and Spicer's Marina.

This page from top: ENVIRO-LAB II with Project O senior instructor Brae Rafferty on bridge deck. This vessel, disguised as a lobster boat, was caught by Coast Guard smuggling drugs and confiscated. It was refitted for Project O in March, 1987. Doug hauls in a lobster pot and all hands gather around the specimen tubs to look over the catch.

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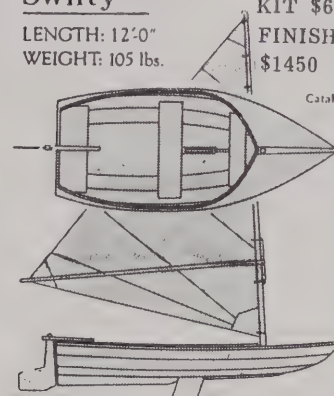
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# DESIGNS

Nicholas Benton has found a niche in the boatbuilding trade that's unique, he has operated since 1974 The Rigging Gang, a service providing design and fabrication of rigging for sailing vessels, large and small. Mention was made of his slide show presentation on this subject in the "Happenings"

column in our January 15th issue. Here I'd like to bring you Nick's "Wire Rigging Guide" information, for its a succinct explanation of the not always obvious complexity involved in wire rigging on sailing vessels. Benton includes this information with his brochure when replying to inquiries.

## WIRE RIGGING GUIDE

"Our services are available for all materials in use today: Stainless steel (302, 304, 316), galvanized plow and improved plow steels, iron, monel, and bronze tiller wire. All constructions are available. These are indicated by a numeric code indicating first the number of strands, then the number of wires in each strand. The fewer the number of wires in the cable, the more rigid and inelastic it will be. An independent wire rope core (IWRC) will make a more rigid cable than one with a fiber core (FC). Popular constructions include: 1x19, 7x7, 6x19IWRC, 7x19, 6x37 IWRC, 6x7FC, 6x19FC, 6x37FC. These are in order of relative elasticity from least to most.

There are over one hundred ways to fasten wire rope rigging to the hull and masting of a boat. We offer about eighty of them. All of the methods we employ are designed to be 100% of the manufacturer's projected strength, but are generally even stronger. They are also designed to be fatigue resistant, corrosion resistant, maintainable indefinitely, and stronger under shock loads than swaged or mechanical fittings. Following are explanations of the variables which can be combined into the best rigging style for the job to be done.

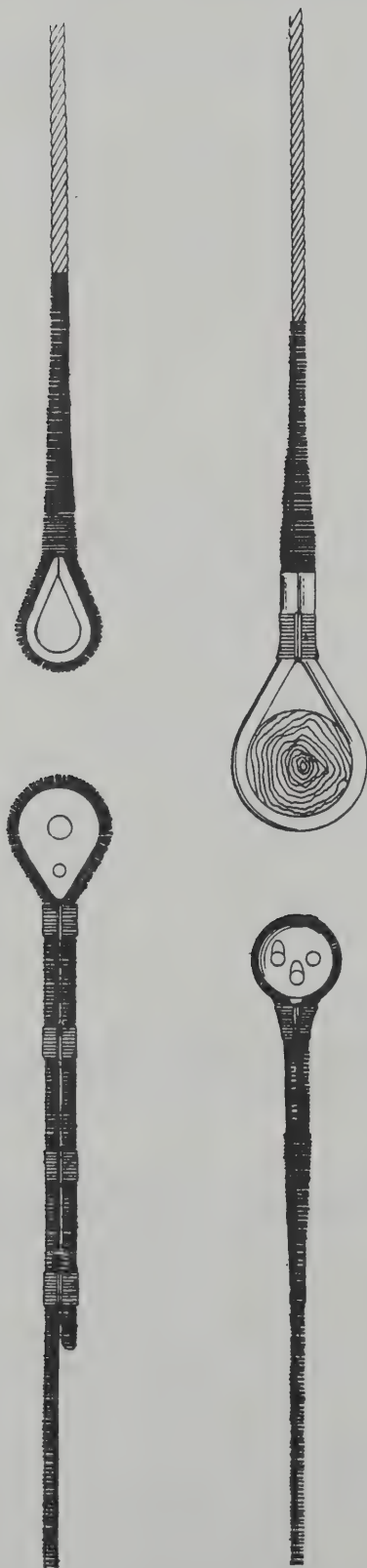
Splices are an interweaving of the strands to form a "bight", "collar", "eye", or "nip" as they are called. Into this basic loop is interjected one of many fittings: Heavy duty thimble, deadeye, bull's eye, solid thimble, scored heart, block, etc. With "collar-rigged" or "sling-rigged" vessels, the bight might be put over the masthead so that it goes around the mast itself. Our splices are made with oversize bights and the fitting is seized in tight with some sort of

wire "seizing". This allows removal of the fitting for replacement and maintenance purposes. The bight is served or leathered for essential water-proofing and to help to keep the wire in construction as it bends or "breaks 'round" the fitting. This is one key to longevity and 100% wire rope strength.

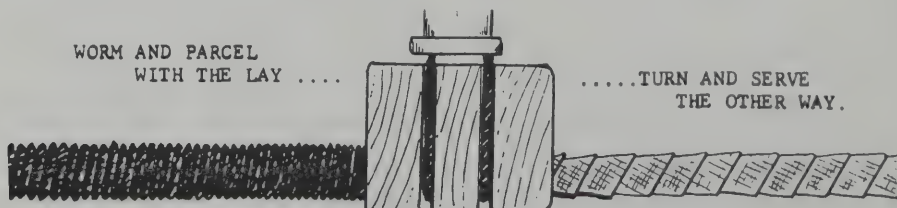
Seizings are structural bindings of either stainless or galvanized iron wire. We use 1x7 which is the least corrosion prone construction for its flexibility. For most splices, "flat-seizing" is applied to the bight. With tarring or painting, this becomes indistinguishable from the service over the splice. Sometimes we use a long bight and a more sophisticated "round-seizing", especially on larger cable. The round seizing has two layers and two "crossing turns". With the splice, this forms what is known as a "halter eye".

Sometimes no splice is used and the rigging is "turned up" with three to five seizings. The seizing closest to the fitting is a "throat seizing" similar to a round seizing. The remaining ones are round seizings or flat seizings "frapped" with crossing turns. They are called "quarter", "middle", "upper", and "end" seizings according to the number used. To be effective these must be "clapped on" from the end toward the fitting with some increased tension applied. This is to ensure that the load is distributed upon all the seizings and not just one at a time. The wire must be served fully under these seizings.

Service is a protective covering of rigging. It is applied over splices, under seizings, around cable where it goes around masting, and over full lengths of rigging. With proper maintenance, service



WORM AND PARCEL  
WITH THE LAY ....





protects rigging from the elements indefinitely. We have inspected and proof tested old wire rigging from the 1890's only to find it fully sound. Even the galvanizing was good under the service. Some of this was purchased by one of our clients from an old yard and reactivated by us. Tags identified it as rigging from the ELSIE M. RICH-ERT, rigged in 1898. It sails extensively today, including on yearly coastal passages, on the charter schooner we helped restore, CHARLOTTE ANN.

Service consists of first painting and/or tarring the wire rope. In larger sizes the cable is "wormed" by laying a thin piece of cordage between the strands in the "cantline". This keeps out water and adds to a rounder contour. Over this is applied a spiral "parceling" of canvas or cloth friction tape. This is applied from the lowest part of the rigging toward the highest part, carefully overlapping each turn. This provides a continuous watershed as in shingling a roof. The canvas is tarred again, but in most sizes we use friction tape which is more efficient for keeping out water and keeping in preservative. Over this is applied a thin cordage of hemp known either as "marline", "roundline", "housing", "houseline", "hambroline" or "spun yarn", depending on its type. Sometimes leather is applied over the parceling. On mast collars we usually "head" them with leather over the hemp service. Sometimes it is necessary in larger sizes of rigging to double serve mast collars or "head" them with canvas. This is to insure that the cable's adequately cushioned around the mast and will not damage it. A canvas "heading" is usually tarred.

Service is multi-functional. It protects wire, protects hands and gear from splice ends, improves ratline holding power on shrouds, acts as chafe protection for spars and sail stitches, and provides the crew with a safe hand and foot hold. Many of our clients have headrigging, shrouds, backstays, etc. fully served. In larger sizes of cables, steel galvanized wire is less costly than stainless, even after being served! It also has a much lower fatigue rate which insures a lifetime much longer than stainless. We usually make all of our headstays stainless steel. Sail hanks tend to wear galvanizing off headstays. They tear off the service of a lower splice on many boats, but we serve our lower ends with seizing wire. We suggest the replacement of stainless headstays after about twenty years of use. Its crystallization is difficult to detect and so it can not be guaranteed that stainless will last that long. Because of this, we can not be certain how long served stainless cable will last. It simply has not been in use long enough. One oth-

er note about service is that it should always be applied to cable before baggywrinkle is put on. This is because baggywrinkle tends to retain moisture causing corrosion (and rot).

Splices, service and all traditional rigging has as one of its goals smooth contours. Turns in a seizing or service are tangent to help keep out water as well as offer less stretch. A smooth transition of shape decreases wear on running gear and jamming which sometimes occurs with the mechanical fittings. The result of all this is an attractive as well as functional appearance.

Your rigging is your power transmission from your sails to

your hull. There is no need to trust to luck when professional rigging services are readily available. The best combination of rigging features can be easily determined by someone with solid experience in rigging and sailing. We have thousands of time and sea tested pieces of wire rope rigging in use all over the world. Our experience results in museum quality work at workboat prices. We are proud of our work and invite interested potential clients to visit our loft and see how our wire rigging is carefully prepared."

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# ROBERTS-246

SHEET 1

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1987  
SCALE - 1/8"

L.O.A. .... 24'3"  
BEAM ..... 8'2"  
MAINSAIL ..... 154.4'  
JIB ..... 105.6'  
DISPLACEMENT ... 3751  
L.W.L. .... 20'8"  
DRAFT (Max.) .... 4.9'  
DRAFT (Min.) .... 1.7'  
GENOA ..... 144.7'  
BALLAST ..... 1155 lbs  
HEADROOM ..... 5.36'

# R

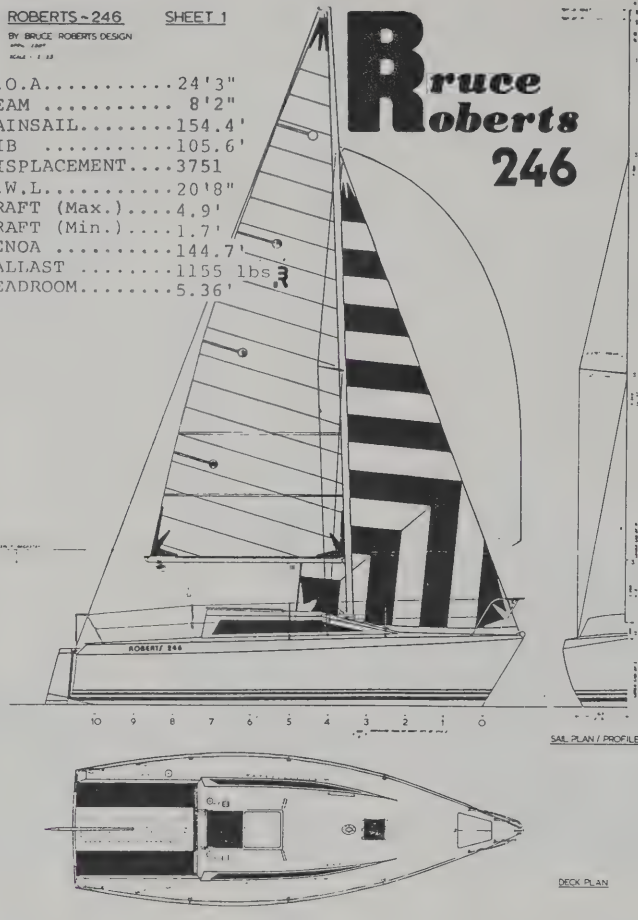
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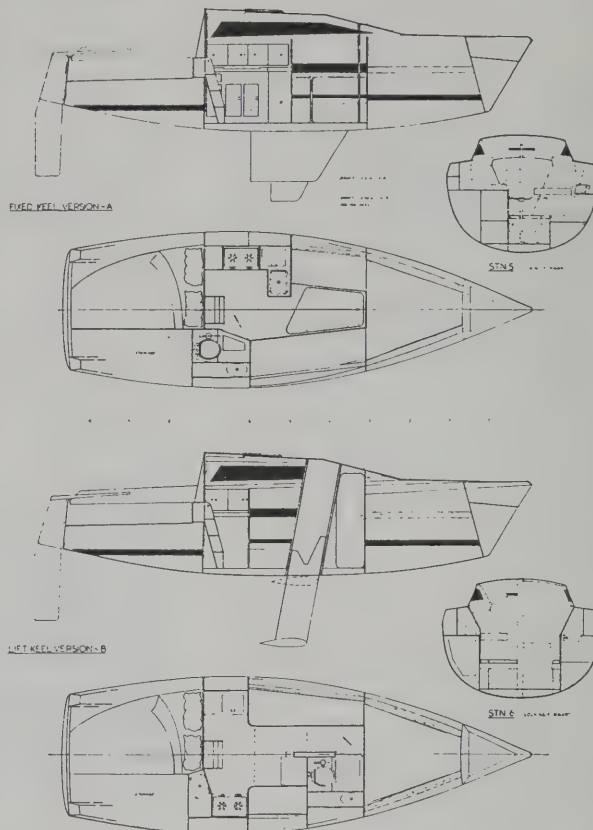
# 246



# ROBERTS-246 - SHEET 1a

INTERIOR

BY BRUCE ROBERTS DESIGN  
1987  
SCALE - 1/8"



Here's a bigger small boat design for home builders or small shops interested in the family cruising sailboat that can also go club racing. It appears kind of ambitious at 24' but Bruce Roberts provides plans with full size patterns and detailed instructions aimed at the person with no prior boatbuilding experience. It can be built in wood/epoxy or fiberglass.

This isn't an old traditional

design, obviously, a look at the sailplan drawing and interior views shows modern lines, and Roberts states that it has computer designed keels (drop or fixed versions are offered) and that the hull has the benefit of extensive computer performance prediction testing. So it appears to be modern hi-tech in concept.

The boat can be trailered in either version and launched from

ramps. It carries 1155 pounds of ballast and has an 8'2" beam. The 5.36' headroom is described as "adequate and the most that can be squeezed out of this size of performance cruiser/racer."

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Henry Fuller operates the Cape Breton Boatyard on the Bras d'Or Lakes of Cape Breton Island at the northern end of Nova Scotia, a long, long way from most recreational boating. During the short summer season he's busy servicing visiting yachts, but the long winters hung heavily on his hands, so he launched a boatbuilding business. His first boat was the 12' Bras d'Or Tender patterned after an Alexander Graham Bell tender long in use on the Lakes. Now Henry has added the Medway Salmon Wherry.

This is a 16' pulling boat built in fiberglass, weighing 170 pounds, heavy but rugged. The design is taken off a wooden hull built by an area canoe builder, Tim Stewart (Stewart died in 1952). The purpose of this big rowboat was salmon fishing on the Medway River in Nova Scotia, something a canoe was not substantial enough to be used for. The waterline is double ended from the wineglass transom design, yet the 51" beam and

substantial freeboard offer a very stable platform for flycasting from. For rowing, one or two fixed oarlock positions are provided, or removal of the center thwart permits dropping in a Piantadosi Sliding seat rig with 9.5' sculling oars.

The fiberglass hull is pretty heavily built for durability, with a fully gelcoated interior matching in color the exterior choice of white, green or blue. It's a one-part hull built in a split mold, with thicknesses ranging up to 1/4" at the keel, with added layers at the gunwales also for rigidity. The woodwork gunwales and thwarts are oak or ash, or mahogany at extra cost to order. All wood is epoxy sealed before varnishing. Floorboards are recommended also. Flotation is provided with molded-in tanks under the fore and aft seats.

Fuller will send you a detailed brochure on request, Cape Breton Boatyard, Ltd., P.O. Box 247, Baddeck, NS, Canada B0E 1B0, (902) 295-2664.

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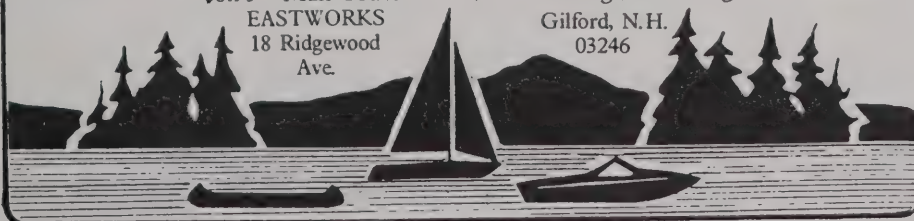
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# ADVENTURES IN A TOWNIE

By Tom



## In Favor of Single Handed Racing



### CREW'S LATE

Another Sunday at the Dory Club finds me waiting for my crew. She's late. I called her late but that doesn't mean that she should be late. The course for the race has already been decided, changed and re-changed. Shags, Flip and Bailey's Hill; twice around if the wind holds. The skippers and crews scurry to their prams, I drag



### TO THE PRAMS

my dory off the wall and load it with sails, clothes, toolbag and oars. I drop in another pair of nine foot oars I made for the Townie. I bought plans to make them but they were too elaborate and the text too complicated, so I bought two nine foot handrails and two pieces of plywood and bolted them together. I have a saw and a knife. When I have time I'll shape them up.



### 9' OARS

As I row out to the Townie, everything manages to fall off the seats and roll to the bottom of the boat. I never had a boat that didn't leak. By the time I get to where I'm going, the sails, clothing and toolbag have sucked up as much water as they can. I hurl the soggy mess into the Townie and climb aboard, tie the dory to the traveler, and look over to the dock in

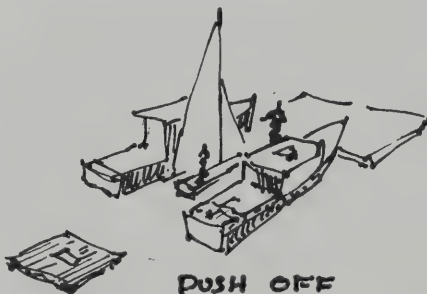
time to see my crew waving frantically. "Damn," I say to myself, "I don't want to row in again and then out again. She'll have to wait until I get the boat ready and then I'll sail in to the dock. I can think better setting up the boat alone. I forget things when somebody else is in the boat. It takes longer but everything's done."



### THE CREW

The other boats have long since sailed off their moorings when I raise the sails and cast off. We sail for the dock. I squeeze between boats leaving a lobster pound astern as the bow touches the dock.

"Shall I push off?" the crew asks before she hops aboard.



### PUSH OFF

I didn't know what to do. "Yes, push off," I say casually, hoping she'll cast off some way so's I'll make up my mind what I'm supposed to do. We're pushed off. The boat sails backwards. The crew backwinds the jib. We fall off on a port tack, clear of everything with no thinking involved.



### KNOWLEDGEABLE BOAT

"Knowledgeable boat," I explained to myself. We sailed to the starting line while trumpets in my head announced the beginning of another good fight. A horn is sounded, followed by the usual shouting and screaming.

"Was that the warning or preparatory horn?"

Starboard tacking boats will have a hard time getting over the line because the starting line is so cockeyed. So I decide on a port tack start contrary to common sense. All the starboard boats will have the right of way over me; but I notice Wilson Tibbo lingering down the port end of the line with me. I'm in good company. I luff the sails and wait. The crew tells me I have 45 seconds. Wilson is roaring at the line staring at his watch. "Sheet in," I yell. As we gain speed, Wilson dashes by us to port hitting the line at the gun, crossing well ahead of the starboard tacking boats.



### BETWEEN 1 AND 2

We pass behind the first starboard boat and in front of the second. A dangerous maneuver, but I made it with good clearance. I soon realize Tibbo is to windward of me and fouling my air. I decide to tack, but before I can, he tacks.

"Good," I say to myself, and continue on course with clear air. We hobbyhorse into a chop of short



### HOBBYHORSEING

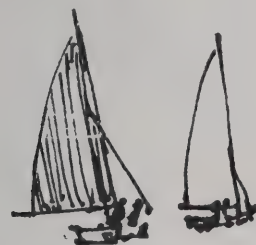


steep waves. "That's why he tacked," I say to myself. "Let's tack and get out of this chop," I say to the crew. Bob Wilson crosses our bow. We approach the windward mark on starboard to have the advantage, but Bob is too far ahead and rounds first. We round close behind.

Now on a close reach we seem fixed in position. The boats want to plane the following seas but fall off just as they begin. We gain on him near the next mark. I hope to blanket him.

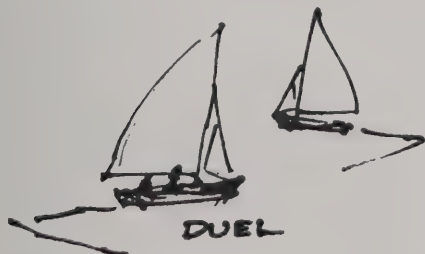
"Do we jibe around this mark?" I ask the crew. The crew looks at me puzzled. "It's all right to question my ability," I reassure her, "but never my authority." A greater look of puzzlement from the crew.

Bob jibes onto another reach. We round badly because I have trouble with the main sheet. We gain speed slowly while he opens the distance between us. We gain on him again, through superior helmsmanship. I flatter myself. We



**SUPERIOR  
HELMSMANSHIP**

are close behind again near the third mark at Bailey's Hill. He rounds and hardens up on a starboard tack. We round and do the same. I'm in his bad air. I look around at the other boats. Should I continue on and be satisfied with second place, keeping the others behind us? No, I'm going to drive Bob crazy with a tacking duel. I



**DUEL**

tack. He tacks to cover. Stay between your opponent and the next mark is the rule he's governed by. I tack and he tacks again. I tack and he tacks again. I tack. He glares at me and yells, "I'm not going to play your game anymore," and does not tack.

When we met again he crosses our bow very close to starboard. Now I think to myself, "If I can have starboard on him at the next mark I'll have the right of way and

sure enough I do. I'm uncommunicative with delight. He could luff up and duck behind me. But my rational crew puts the fear of the creator in him with a shout, "starboard!" that shakes the boat.

He comes about in a panic. His boat stops dead in the water with sails aflutter. By the time he gets



**AFLUTTER**

unflustered, we have a good lead. My crew congratulates me. "Great sailing." We stretch the lead out, around the last mark and head for the finish line.

"Where the hell is it?" I ask.

"I don't know," the crew adds to my confusion. I'll sail in the



**CONFUSION**

general direction and try staying ahead. We sail down into the harbor in among the moored boats. We slow down to let Bob catch up. My crew asks naively, "Where's the finish line?"

"Out by the committee boat," Bob replies. You realize, of course, that this question and answer game shouldn't be taking place during a race. We head back for the line, having sailed way beyond it. Both boats are now side by side. I'm the windward boat and must give way.

"Luffing!" he yells and luffs me up into the wind. He gains and close to the finish line I expect him to luff me again. I can't see him under my sail. I expect him to luff me on the wrong side of the mark. I sail to the wrong side of the mark, anticipating his move. Clever of me.



**WRONG SIDE**

"I gave you room," he yells while I'm wondering why I did what I just did.

We jibed and crossed the line second. The crew stared fixedly at me and asked slowly, "Why did you do that?"

"I thought he was going to luff me again," I said hesitantly.

"He couldn't. You had the overlap and the right of way."



**WHY?**

"I guess I chickened out," I admitted sheepishly. "But it was a good race, you have to admit. Wouldn't you rather lose a good race than win a bad one?" I tried to re-establish myself in the human race.

"Not that way, my father must have seen the race from the clubhouse."

I looked toward the clubhouse. The patio was crowded with transfixed people who had seen the incredible finish.



**WITNESSES**

"I'll drop you off at the dock," I said, "and go for a sail."

"Are you coming in soon?"

"Not before dark."

The boat laughed. "After that performance you'll be sailing single-handed forever."



**AFTER DARK**



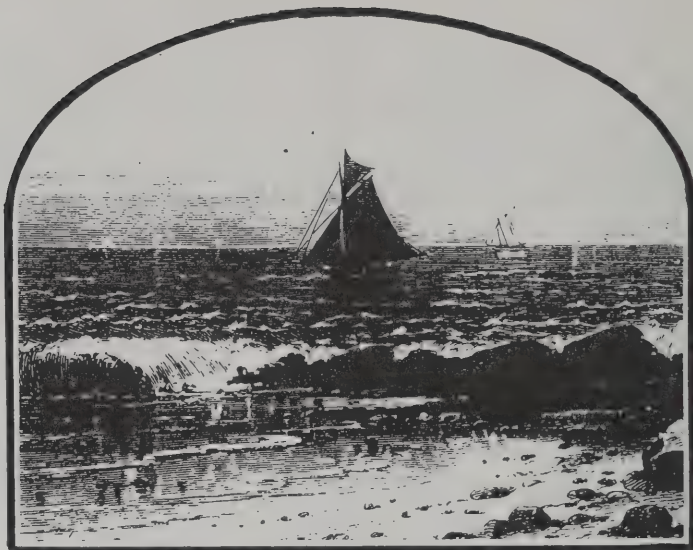
THE E PLURIBUS UNUM  
THE MONKFISH  
TO PORTSMOUTH AND PORTLAND

Next morning we all went, after breakfast, to visit a Swampscott mackerel schooner, the E Pluribus Unum, which lay at anchor not far off. On our way to her, we saw horse-mackerel swimming about the harbor with their sharp fins sticking out of the water. This huge fish is the tunny of the Mediterranean, where it swims in large schools, and is caught in great quantities, especially off the coast of Sicily. They are comparatively rare on our coast, and these were the first we had seen, though we heard of them almost every day. They are found sometimes fifteen feet in length, and weighing a thousand pounds. Their flesh is good eating, looking like young pork, and tasting like the finest mackerel. The men of the island caught them with harpoons.

The E Pluribus Unum was a fine, clean vessel of thirty-six tons. We went on board partly to see the vessel, partly to grind bait, and partly to see a "bait-mill," which to the Assyrian, the Artist, and myself was an entirely novel institution. In fishing for mackerel with line and hook from the side of a vessel, the first thing done is to throw over bait to attract the fish to the surface. This bait consists of hardheads or other poor fish cut up into very small pieces, generally by being ground in a mill. The bait-mill consists of an oblong wooden box, standing on one end, and containing a roller armed with knives, which is turned by a crank on the outside. It cuts up the bait very expeditiously.

From the E Pluribus Unum we went ashore to look at the curiosities of the isles, which are all of a melancholy and sinister nature. The first and most famous is a chasm in the rocks called Betty Moody's Cave. Early in colonial times the Indians from the mainland made a descent upon the islands, and killed or carried off all the inhabitants except a Mrs. Moody, who hid herself under the rocks with her two small children. The Indians made sharp search for fugitives, and the unhappy mother, unable to keep her infants quiet, killed them with a knife to prevent their crying from attracting the attention of the savages to her hiding-place.

Another spot among the rocks on the shore was the favorite resort of Miss Underhill, a young lady from New Hampshire who taught school at the island for two or three years. She was sitting there



## CARTER'S COAST OF NEW ENGLAND

Being an account of a cruise from Provincetown to Bar Harbor in the summer of 1858,

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reading on the 11th of September, 1848, when a huge wave came and swept her off into the ocean, never to be seen again on earth. Another place of tragic interest is marked by the graves of sixteen shipwrecked mariners washed ashore in a storm. They lie side by side, each with a stone at his head and feet.

From some fishermen on shore we got a monkfish which they had just taken in a seine. This hideous monster is known among the fishermen by many names. It is called "widegab" because its mouth is so large sometimes that a man's head might be put in it. The term "angler" is derived from its habits. It lies on the bottom, concealed in mud and weeds, with two or three hair-like filaments sticking up from its head, looking not unlike certain marine worms of which other fishes are fond, who, seeing these apparent worms, approach to eat them, and are seized by the lurking "angler," who is too sluggish to catch his prey by active pursuit.

The specimen we got measured forty-four inches in length and thirty inches in breadth. It weighed thirty pounds. We took it on board, disembowelled



it, filled it with salt, sewed it up and packed it with salt in a box, which we directed to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and forwarded the same day by express from Portsmouth.

The morning had been foggy; but at 11 a.m. the mist rose, and we raised anchor and made sail for Portsmouth. Outside the harbor we passed a number of seine-boats watching for mackerel. These boats are each manned by six men, and are accompanied by three smaller boats with one man in each, which row around and keep the mackerel in a body while the seine is being cast. After the seine is thrown, its edges are drawn into the large boat, leaving the mackerel in the center of the seine, from which they are scooped out into the small boats and carried ashore.

We had a fine southerly breeze, and in somewhat more than an hour had passed the Whale's Back Lighthouse, romantically situated on a rock in the sea, and had come to anchor inside of Fort Constitution, off New Castle, a village three miles



WHALE'S BACK LIGHTHOUSE

below Portsmouth at the mouth of the Piscataqua. The tide soon turning, and running very strongly up the river, we took advantage of it, and ran up to Portsmouth, where we fastened the sloop to a wharf, and went ashore to get our letters and make some purchases.

The city — a quiet, clean, aristocratic-looking place of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants — is beautifully situated on a peninsula on the south side of the river, the land sloping gently toward the water. The harbor is remarkably commodious, well protected from every wind, and with forty feet of water at low tide. The river opposite the city seemed to be nearly a mile wide, with a very rapid current, moving at least five miles an hour.



PORTSMOUTH

At 6 p.m. we dropped down to our former anchorage at New Castle. On our way down we were greatly pleased with the sight of the workmen at the Navy Yard — which is on an island opposite Portsmouth — crossing the river in boats, returning to their homes in the city after the conclusion of the day's labor. It was the largest flotilla of boats I ever saw, and was a very gay and animated scene.

While the Pilot was getting supper ready, the rest of us went ashore to visit the fort, which was built in 1808 on the site, I believe, of an old British fort. We were very civilly received by the keeper, Sargeant Davison, who, with his wife and children constitute the entire garrison at present. We found him an intelligent and communicative man, and remarkably young-looking for a soldier who had been in the service forty-one years. The fort mounts forty-six guns, mostly twenty-four pounders. The ramparts command a beautiful view of land and ocean, and we lingered upon them till long after sunset, watching the passing ships, and the light-houses flaring up as the sun went down, and listening to the talk of the old soldier about his battles and adventures. He had fought through the Mexican war, and had served for many years in Florida against the Indians.

Soon after supper we were boarded by one of the pilots of the harbor, who was so drunk that he became disagreeable, and we had to suggest pretty clearly that he take his departure, which he accordingly did. If his condition was typical, it is a proof of the excellence of Portsmouth harbor that vessels get in at all under such guidance.

The next morning (Sunday, July 18) was clear and mild, with a fair and gentle breeze from the south. We got under way at 7 o'clock, and, passing out of the harbor, steered to the northeast, keeping about two miles from the shore. We were soon surrounded by large schools of mackerel, and as we wanted some for dinner, we laid to and tried to "toll"



them, as the fishermen call it, by throwing over hand-fuls of our minced bait. But we could not get a bite. The Professor took the dory and rowed repeatedly into the middle of a school with no better success. The fish would not touch the bait.

The weather was delightful, and we basked lux-uriously on deck, gazing at the picturesque coast, with its hills, headlands, and towns sparkling in the sun, or watching the rippling mackerel as they cruised about us, or occasionally dipping up a sun-squall, of which vast numbers were floating by. Toward noon we reached Cape Neddick, or rather, Cape Neddick's Nubble, a huge and high rocky promontory which juts far out into the sea, and is visible from a great distance. We sailed close by to enable the Artist to make a sketch of it.

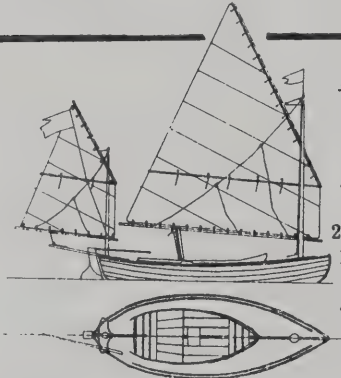
About an hour after we passed Cape Neddick, a sudden storm of wind and rain rose up right ahead

of us, presenting a very singular appearance. We were sailing in the most brilliant sunshine, and straight before us to the north, at the distance of a mile, the air was filled with a dense, black, scowling cloud, which came driving down upon us with fear-ful velocity. We lowered our mainsail, and the squall swept by, deluging us with rain, and causing the little sloop to shiver and reel with the blow. We were, happily, not in the mid-path of the whirlwind; but I suppose touched only an edge of it. Its direc-tion was toward the southwest, and it broke with fury on the mainland. On the sea, the sky soon cleared up, and we kept on our northeast course.

At 6 p.m. we were near Cape Elizabeth, and had a fine view of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Mount Washington bearing northwest by north. At sunset, off Cape Elizabeth, it fell calm, and we lay and watched the lighthouses and the moon. The two lights looked like large stars near the horizon, and formed the corners of a triangle of which the moon was the apex.

About 8 p.m. a breeze sprang up from the north-west, and we began to beat up into Portland harbor through a large fleet of coasters bound southward, which were taking advantage of the wind to come out to sea. The tide as well as the wind was against us, and it was not till 3 o'clock the next morning that we reached a safe anchorage, between House and Peake's Islands. We were still several miles from the city, and were glad enough to turn in and get some sleep.

At daybreak the seamen got the sloop under way without disturbing us, and, on awaking about breakfast time, we found the Helen moored along-side a wharf at Portland. Discarding our sea-stained shirts and trousers, we donned our best attire, and went ashore, to spend a day or two with our friends in the city.

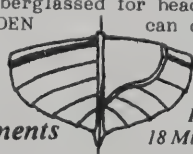


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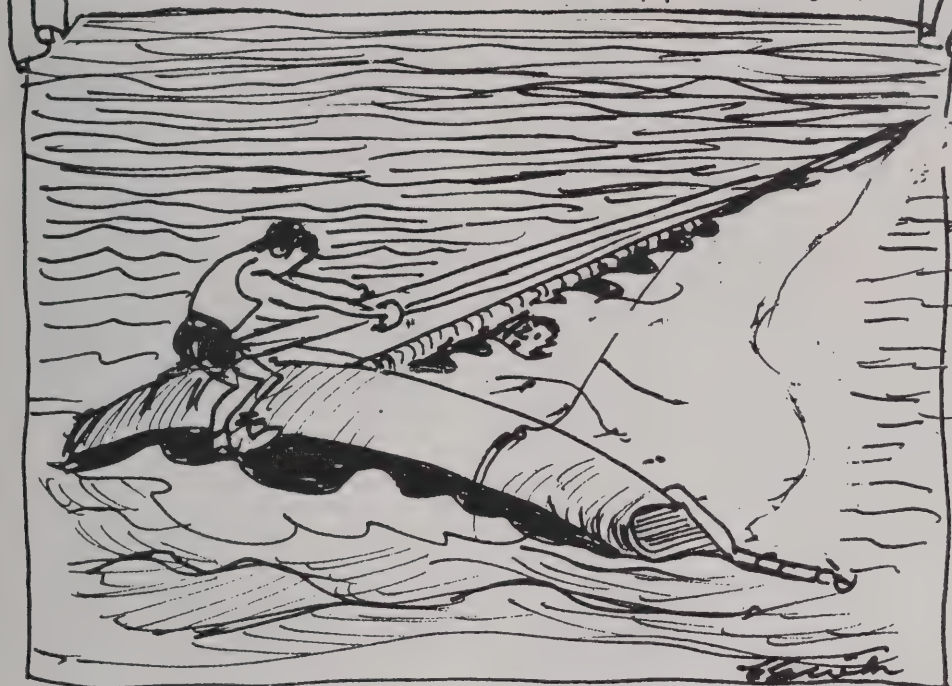
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# WHY I DON'T LIKE SAIL ★ MESSING ABOUT IN A BOATS ★



Story by William Wardell, M.D.  
Illustration by Carl Erickson

If you look at a map of the South Island of New Zealand, you will see a peninsula sticking out to the east about halfway down. This is Banks' Peninsula, named after a famous early botanist, Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain James Cook on his first voyage in 1769. One of the discoveries they made was that this was in fact a peninsula, not an island as Abel Tasman had thought in 1642. Banks' Peninsula is made up of a number of extinct volcanoes. Some of the craters of these have broken down so to give access to the sea, and these form shallow harbors with attractive hills around them rising to about 5,000 feet. One of these harbors, Lyttleton Harbor, forms the port of the city of Christchurch, my birthplace, and nestled amongst the hills of Lyttleton Harbor are a number of resort communities, one of which is Diamond Harbor.

December 21st is mid-summer's day in the southern hemisphere. On December 21, 1957, I finished up a day of my summer job around lunchtime. I was working for the summer in an ice cream factory, and at weekends (having just obtained a heavy truck driving license) I drove a big refrigerator truck around to picnics and outings. After putting the truck away in the factory garage, I took the train through the Port Hills Tunnel up to Lyttleton, and the launch service to Diamond Harbor to join the rest of my family, who were visiting our friends there, the McDonalds.

It was a hot mid-summer's day and my friend Murray McDonald, a few years younger, got his boat for

us to go sailing on in the harbor. I put on a life jacket and, at the same time, threw my swimming flippers into the boat, because it was warm and I wanted to have a swim. There was a brisk wind and we were soon out in mid-harbor, a mile or so offshore, with five miles or so of open water to sail upon. All went well with our 20' centerboard sloop until we decided to put up the spinnaker. The spinnaker didn't fill properly, so Murray went forward trying to get it to fill, leaving me at the tiller.

Suddenly we were over on our side and shipping water into the daysailer's cockpit. We thought at first this was a lark and swam around in our life jackets trying to right the sloop. The problem was that every time we righted it, it rolled over again. This happened several times.

In the next effort, while I was swimming from the stern to the bow, the sail flipped right down on top of me. I went under, seeing the water get darker and darker. Lines tangled around my jacket and my head started to buzz for lack of air. Suddenly I burst up between the sail and the mast. Just enough room to breathe with the sail slides around my ears. I heard Murray shout as the mast went underwater again and down I went. However, by standing on the centerboard and pulling on one of the shrouds, Murray was able to keep the mast, and my head with it, above water for most of the time. I thought about leaving my breathing space to swim under the sail to freedom, but the line tangled around my life jacket, and the buoyancy of the

jacket itself, made me hesitant to leave the one spot where I could periodically come back to life.

Then suddenly things got much worse. The centerboard must have slipped back into its trunk during one time when the mast was low, and Murray now couldn't keep my head above water for 2/3rds of the time anymore, it was lucky he could keep me above water at all by standing on the bottom and pivoting the boat up. This became a continuous cycling of a quick gulp of air, light green water, dark green water, very dark green water, then back through lighter green and into the air again momentarily. This was the scariest half-hour I have ever had. Although, as kids in New Zealand, we were quite used to doing dangerous things, especially in the mountains (where five boys I knew had died before they were 20), never before had I been in a situation where I was totally out of control. Again the tangling of the lines and my wearing of the life jacket prevented me from taking a really deep breath and then trying to swim out. As long as I was getting enough air, I felt I could hold on for a while longer.

After what seemed hours, a boat came to our rescue. I was handed a pocket knife (I had by this time gotten one arm up through the gap between sail and mast) and I was able to cut my way clear of my dacron trap. It was an experience that surges back into my memory to this day, and I even recall it still while relaxing in our open rowboat.

Last Christmas, nearly 30 years later, I took my two boys out to New Zealand for a holiday. One place we visited was Akarowa Harbor (the other major harbor on Banks' Peninsula), mainly a fishing and recreational boating port. The boys prevailed upon me to rent a catamaran so we could sail up and down this large harbor. One of the attractions is the penguin caves which I'd walked to in my days as a camper at a YMCA camp on the shores of the harbor. Both boys are excellent sailors and they know I don't like it, but we went out anyway. The boys got fooling around, one holding the sheets, the other the tiller, trying to go as fast as we could. Suddenly the bow of one of the catamaran hulls dug right into a wave and we began to go over. In a flash the whole scene at Lyttleton Harbor 30 years ago came rushing back to me. This time we didn't tip over, but I yelled at them a lot and demanded to be taken straight back to the wharf.

So this is why I don't like messing about in (sail)boats. But, my rowboat, that's a different story.





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## WINTER READING

### 1901 ALBUM

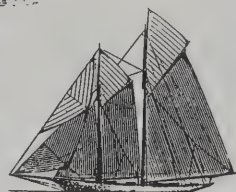


OF

### DESIGNS

By  
Fred W. Martin

For  
Boats  
Launches  
and  
Yachts



### 1901 STUDY PLANS BOOK

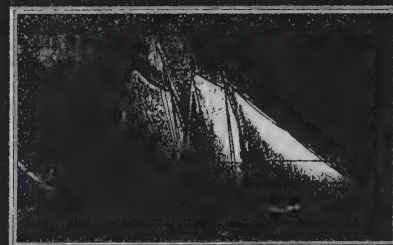
Bill Mueller, publisher of STEAMBOAT NEWS of Middlebourne, WV, is offering a republished catalog of 1901 boat designs of Fred W. Martin, a forgotten designer and builder on Lake Michigan at the end of the 19th century. This little book (7"x9") of 80 pages includes 72 designs presented in typical side and top views, with some extra interior arrangements shown. They range from 12' pram to 120' yacht, including fantail launches, rowing boats, sailboats, stern wheelers, cruisers, steamboats and even a tugboat. These are not building plans, nor are such available. This is a pocket view into the past 90 years ago of what people were looking for in pleasure craft.

The book is \$6.50 postpaid from STEAMBOAT NEWS, Rt. 1, Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149. If you're interested in steam power, ask Bill for a sample of his little periodical as well. Lots of pipes and boilers and machining of engines, but some on the boats to carry it all as well.

### WOOD/CANVAS CANOES

If these are your fancy and you don't already realize it, the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association has an extensive list of books available on the subject; historical narratives, old time catalogs, and how-to-build or rebuild texts. Prices are discounted to members. For a list and order form, write to the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, 1340 Black Walnut Ct., Annapolis, MD 21403.

## THE LOW BLACK SCHOONER



### YACHT

1851-1945

John Rousmaniere

### THE LOW BLACK SCHOONER

Mystic Seaport Museum has produced this elegant book about the yacht AMERICA, a scholarly chronicle of the life of the radical sailing yacht that got the whole America's Cup business underway back prior to the Civil War. John Rousmaniere has combined a spare, precise text with many color and black and white pictures and three fold-out illustrations of original hull and sail plans for a comprehensive look at this long lived boat and the contest it started.

Lots of people background too, the maneuverings involved in getting any of the original British yachtsmen to even agree to race AMERICA, the profit motives of the original syndicate that had her built, the way the designer and builder got jerked around by the yachting establishment, and the longest ownership by that controversial politician, Ben Butler. Butler, while aggravating many people with his ways, nevertheless lavished care on AMERICA and was principally responsible that the boat survived until crushed under a snow blanketed shed during World War II. The final demise of the famed yacht illustrates how historical artifacts get alternating public attention and neglect. The U.S. Navy, final owner, decision to not try to rebuild her, was dictated in part by the needs of the ongoing World War, but the suggested alternative, which was carried out, of building a model of her from surviving bits of wood from the hull, struck me as somewhat demeaning, here she is folks, the famous AMERICA, shrunken down to manageable economic size for your enduring pleasure in viewing. It reminded me somehow of shrunken heads.

THE LOW BLACK SCHOONER is a full size, full color, 8.5"x11" softcover on superb coated paper with National Geographic quality photo reproductions, 70 in all on its 70 pages. It's available at \$19.95 from Mystic Seaport Museum Stores, Mystic, CT 06355, (203) 536-9688.



## ABOUT LIVE OAK

In a recent issue, reader Jack Andrews mentioned a book, *LIVE OAKING, SOUTHERN TIMBER FOR TALL SHIPS*, as being of some interest to old wooden boat people. Now Richard Berg writes to tell us that this book is alive and well, published by Northeastern University Press, and available for purchase at the Constitution Museum Book Store in the Charlestown Navy Yard National Park. Richard comments further on live oak logs for shipbuilding as follows:

"Readers may be interested in

Joshua Humphreys once estimated that when cut to moulds only about one quarter of a tree trunk was used.<sup>50</sup> Nevertheless, cutting to moulds to save excess freight charges was standard practice. There were other wasteful habits. In the 1830s John James Audubon lamented that because live oakers were unable to detect in standing trees either disease or "windshakes" (longitudinal cracks presumed to be caused by the wind), they felled worthless trees; in so doing, they knocked down and destroyed a great many healthy young specimens leaving abandoned trunks strewn about the woods. He predicted that "before long a good-sized live oak will be so valuable, that its owner will exact an enormous price for it, even while it yet stands in the wood."<sup>51</sup>

As pointed out in a naval engineer's report of 1843, the expense of ships' timber was, in large measure, dependent on the distance it had to be hauled. As the easily accessible live oak was cut and contractors were forced into the interior, costs soared. At the end of the Civil War, consumption of timber had become so great that future supplies were in jeopardy. "From navy-yards to coopershops, from railroads to street alleys, and from bridge-building to shingle-making, there is no quarter given to the oak and no peace to the pine."<sup>52</sup> Contractors were encouraged to saw timber with steam-operated equipment in the shipyards, rather than hew it by hand in the forests. With judicious power-cutting, chips and blocks that would otherwise be left to rot on the forest floor could be salvaged in large, single pieces and put to good use. The difficulty lay in altering the well-established habits of hewers as well as contractors.<sup>53</sup>

By 1867 the price of live oak on the New York market was in fact quadruple that of white oak. Rough-squared, it was fetching \$2 per cubic foot as compared to 50¢ for white oak; a single live-oak knee sided at 13 inches was \$25 as compared to \$13 for one of hackmatack; and 14-inch live-oak knees had no rivals at \$35 each.<sup>54</sup>

The congressional acts of 1882 and 1883 providing for the construction of steel cruisers finally hastened the end of the Navy's wooden fighting ships and, consequently, its voracious requirements for live-oak timber. In fact, framing for two ships of

knowing that some live oak logs are presently lying on the bottom of Drydock #1 at the National Park, adjacent to Pier #1 where the *CONSTITUTION* is moored. During a hurricane a few years ago, several live oaks were toppled in the Carolinas on National Park land. The Park Service had them shipped to Boston for use on the *CONSTITUTION* when she goes into drydock in the early 1990's for restoration in preparation for her 200th birthday in 1997. Apparently, some overzealous person sawed off the ex-

tended limbs to make shipping easier, thus limiting the usefulness of the live oak for knees."

In the book, there's a short section on storing of live oak at Pensacola and Portsmouth, and it gives a good idea of how this book is written:

If you'd like to see the book, visit the Constitution Museum in Charlestown. Maybe you can mail order from them, give it a try if you like. U.S.S. Constitution Museum Store, Charlestown Navy Yard, Charlestown, MA 02129.

the line was dissembled in late 1883 and the wood used for other purposes. No part of the annual appropriation for naval construction and repair was to be "applied to the repairs of any wooden ship when the estimated cost of such repair shall exceed thirty percent of the estimated cost of a new ship of the same size and like material."<sup>55</sup> This was, in effect, the end of live oaking except for one brief postscript. During World War I several small craft were contracted to be built at Brunswick, Georgia, presumably for naval use. Charles C. Stebbins of nearby Darien signed an agreement with William Downey to "supply all the live oak knees [he] could get."<sup>56</sup> These were cut on Stebbins' property near Eulonia by local labor, hauled out with timber carts, and shipped by rail to Brunswick. Very likely it was the last time live oak was cut for naval use anywhere in that vicinity.

This was not, however, the last time the Navy made use of its live oak. For the 1927-31 restoration of *USS Constitution*, hundreds of tons of live-oak timber were transported to Boston by rail from the Pensacola Naval Air Station where it had been stored underwater prior to the Civil War. Some of it was retained for repair of the frigate into the 1960s, but most of the reserve timber was shipped by barge from Boston to the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Navy Yard for storage in the Ice Pond.

In 1945 two sample pieces were lifted from the ooze for testing to establish whether it could be used by the Navy for purposes other than ship repair. But when they tried it at the sawmill, the "saw was severely damaged, millworkers were nauseated by the stench and the Master Joiner stated (with certain pertinent and pithy comment) that the job could not be undertaken under any circumstances." In 1957, the Navy ordered another investigation of its live oak; some of the hundred-year-old timber was cut, but within hours it split, checked, and cracked. "Pieces were sawed, planed, turned, and soaked in linseed oil, . . . [but] as it dried it became hard with more tool damage . . . Its stench was even riper than before and the comments more pithy."<sup>57</sup> Now officially abandoned, the live oak remains "as is" and "where is" underwater at Portsmouth, no longer fit for renewal of any wooden ship.

## NAVAL HISTORY MAGAZINE



### NAVAL HISTORY MAGAZINE

Mention of the Navy's final decision on disposition of the *AMERICA* reminded me of recently receiving a subscription solicitation from the U.S. Naval Institute for their periodical, *NAVAL HISTORY*. Here's one for the naval buff, "stories of decisive naval battles...early days of naval aviation...first days in WAVE training, first person narratives, historical interviews," that sort of thing. Should be an inexhaustible subject.

The Naval Institute published two recent popular books, *THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER* concern-

ing a search for a Russian nuclear sub, and *FLIGHT OF THE INTRUDER* about naval aircraft operations in Viet Nam. I've read both, both very engrossing with their plethora of insider "how things are really done" information somewhat overshadowing character development. If *NAVAL HISTORY* is as well written on the nuts and bolts, it should delight anyone who loves big military ships and what is done with them.

Ask for a subscription order form from Circulation Department, U.S. Naval Institute, 2062 Generals Hwy, Annapolis, MD 21401-9990.

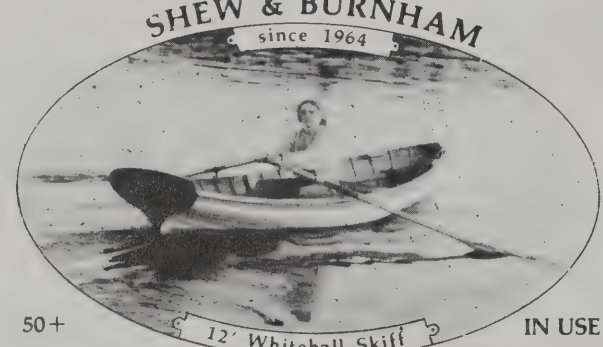


# Builders & Restorers



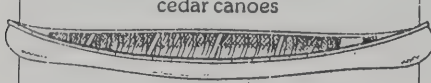
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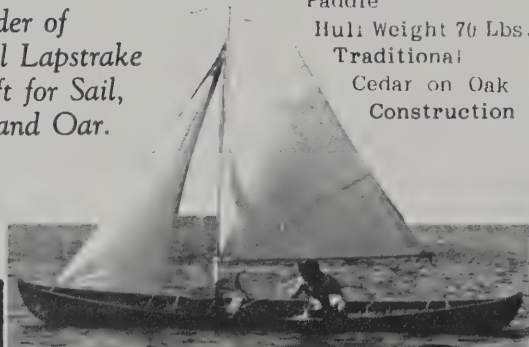
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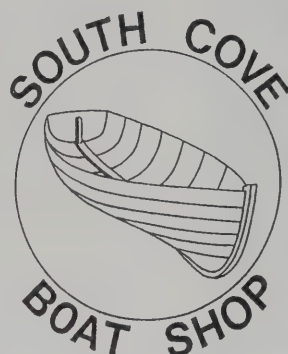
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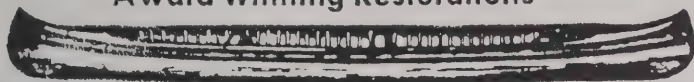
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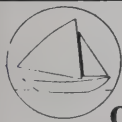
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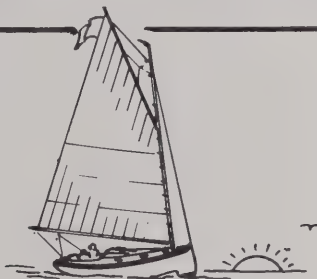
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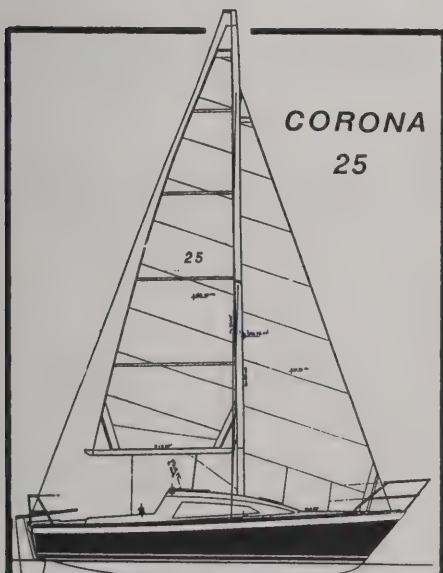
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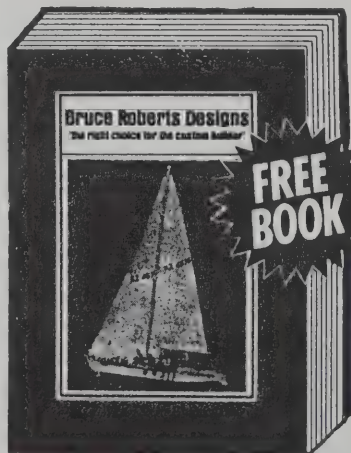
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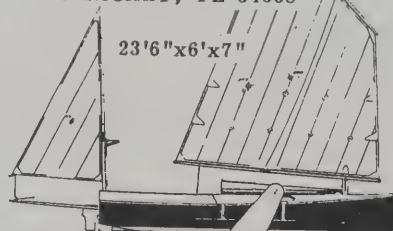
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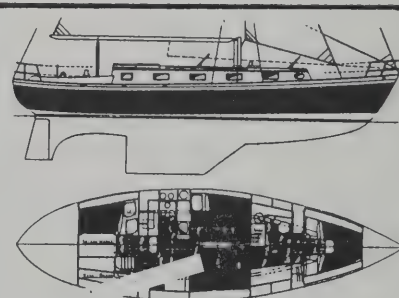
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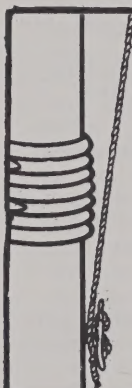
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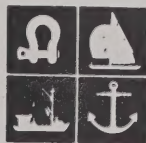
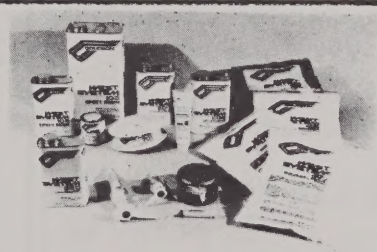
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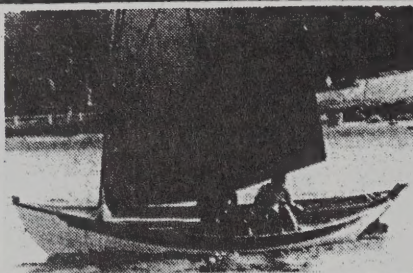
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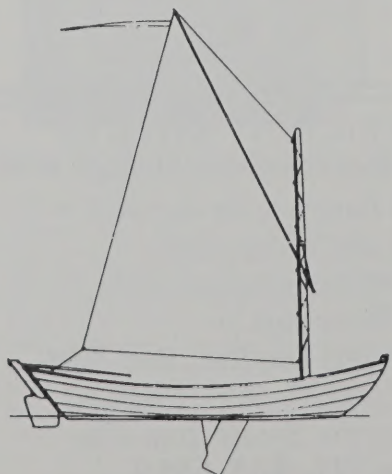




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**14' SKIFF**, round bottom, copper fastened, carvel cedar planking on oak frames. Good condition. \$100. **DAVE PEACH**, Marblehead, MA, (617) 631-5571. (19)

**28' CROSBY TERN**, fully equipped, motor, sails, cradle, etc. FREE! Needs some work but very sound. **PETER KNICKERBOCKER**, Northport, NY, (516) 261-5931 eves. (19)

**8' YACHT TENDER**, professionally built pram. Mahogany frame and five-ply, 7mm plywood planking. Handsome, strong, durable, distinctive. New, \$850. Write for info sheet and pix. **BOB WHITTIER**, Box T, Duxbury, MA 02331, (617) 934-5136. (18)

**28' HUTCHINSON** antique speedboat, built 1924. Leather upholstery and brass hardware, new Crusader engine, trailer. Asking \$15,000. **JOHN CARTER**, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-5572. (18)

**26' LYMAN CRUISETTE**, 1971, 225 Chrysler, VHF, downriggers, depth finder. \$15,000. **JOHN CARTER**, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-5572. (18)

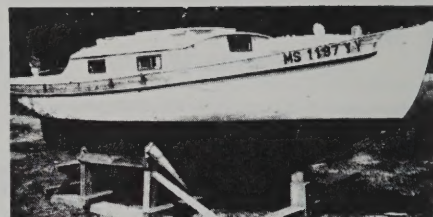
**WANTED.** "Simplified Boatbuilding, The Flat Bottom Boat and "...The Round Bottom Boat", books by Harry V. Suer. **B.W. MUELLER**, Rt. 1, Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149, (304) 386-4434. (18)

**ALDEN DOUBLE** with single Oar-master and oars, asking \$850. **JOHN LARKIN**, Pittsfield, VT, (802) 746-8168. (18)

**CATALINA 22** fin keel, 1971, 8hp Mariner 1986, new sails 1986, VHF 1986. Original gelcoat still looks good. Many extras, very good condition. Great buy at \$5,600. **JERRY NOLAN**, Newington, CT, (203) 666-2856. (18)

**WANTED.** Used boat trailer for 20 foot boat. Can be in need of work because we're going to adapt it to an unusual size boat. **PAT DE LA CHAPELLE**, 53 Marmion Way, Rockport, MA 01966, (617) 546-9607. (18)

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**WANTED TO BUY**, Oar-master sliding seat rig and 9'6" oars. **JIM FOX**, Westport CT, (203) 762-5511. (19)

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**TWO BOATS.** Any reasonable offer will be entertained for a 19' fiberglass sloop and a Bolger/Payson Gypsy which I no longer have use for. **STAN DZIEJMA**, S. Walpole, MA, (617) 668-3879. (19)

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**GAIL FERRIS**, Stony Brook, CT, (203) 481-4539 eves, (203) 783-4225, 7-3:30. (18)

**18' WHITE O/B RUNABOUT**, 1956 Oldtown, Maine-built lapstrake lake boat in nearly perfect original condition. Needs only very minor touch-up to varnish for 1988 boating season. Has original Gale Buccaneer 35hp electric-start outboard with all-remote controls, original complete canvas top and side curtains, original Holsclaw trailer. White topsides, varnished fordeck and trim. Spent 25 years on Lake Madawaska in northern Maine with original owner. We purchased from second owner for possible use as "press boat" to cover boating events for this magazine. 1987 season proved little need for it in this role, the magazine can use the money more than the boat. \$2,995. **BOB HICKS**, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, (617) 774-0906.

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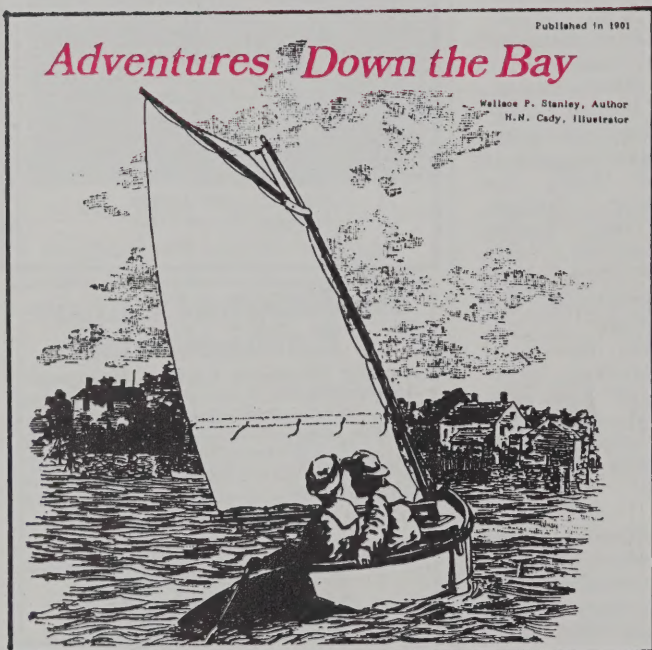
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